

## Reparation

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## Reparation

by [ripscottstacos](#)

### Summary

Loki Laufeyson, newly King of Jotunheim, is in deep trouble. His magic is being absorbed by a titan, one who's already caused enough trouble in his life. With the help of Sorcerer Supreme, Stephen Strange, will Loki be able to overpower Thanos, or will it all go down in flames?

### Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

## Unresolved problems

Cold winter air gushed through the open door as Thor stumbled past the threshold and into the house he shared with his husband. "Bruce, I'm home." The 'former' God of Thunder married Bruce Banner in a small ceremony just over four years ago. "You've changed." Loki, Thor's brother stood in the kitchen. His raven-coloured hair, now slightly longer than when Thor last saw him, glimmered in the unnatural light of his kitchen. The bags under Loki's eyes were darker and more accentuated. His frame was leaner and his skin an unhealthily pale shade. Overall, Loki looked as if he hadn't looked after himself in years. "You look terrible." The words were blurted out of Thor's mouth before his brain could render them. Loki didn't bother to respond. He clearly came here for more important businesses. He'd never been one for sentimentality. "I need your help."

To be truthful, Thor had never been so confused in his incredibly stretched out life. "Don't get too overexcited, brother. I wouldn't call for your help unless absolutely necessary." He took a short pause before softly continuing "I know you prefer your life on Midgard but I have no other option."

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The sight of Asgard made both the brothers turn up their noses in distaste. Ever since the 'incident', neither of them had dared to step foot on the planet. Hela, their sister, was lounging across the throne and staring down at her brothers. Hela had clearly had a better 4 years than Loki. Her once matted and unkempt hair was now luscious and lustrous. The battle armour that was once her only outfit had now been replaced by an all black suit, making her look like some sort of Midgardian business woman and her crown was delicately placed upon her head.

"How dare you have the audacity to just walk in-" As always, Loki was not in the mood. "Hela, for the sake of both of our Kingdoms, I suggest we remain civil. I'm only here for lack of other options."

Thor and Hela exchanged looks that meant 'Any clue what he's talking about?' followed back by Thor "Absolutely none." Loki began to fill in the very large gaps for his siblings and declare what the next course of action was.

"I am in what you would call a predicament. As you both know, Thanos captured me, tortured me, so on and so-forth. There was one detail I missed out from that."

"I'm not liking the sound of this." Thor leant forward in his chair and placed his elbows on his knees. He was always concerned for his younger brother's welfare, and was becoming more perturbed about Loki, the further that he went on with his detail.

"Thanos managed to somehow attach himself to my powers. Ever since, I've never had full control over my seidr, and only recently has it become a major problem. It surges out of me at uncontrollable points and drains me of my energy and power. Due to this, I could lose my powers any day now."

Thor was the first to speak after a long and painful silence. "How do you propose we sort this problem?"

"Isn't it obvious?" Hela retorted in a clearly dismayed manner. "Loki's power is individual. The same type of magic is not contained by any other sorcerer, therefore, you have to learn a different type of magic to protect yourself."

Loki and Thor looked on incredulously. “Well, I suppose we have a plan then.”

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The Sorcerer Supreme sat in the library, skimming through a book on dream magic, trying to further his knowledge in his craft. The sound of a knock at the door interrupted his reading.

“Hello, how can I help you?” Stephen was greeted at the door by the sight of two men, both wearing what looked like full armour.

“Stephen, it’s me.” The taller one seemed to know him personally. “Thor?”

“The one and only.” Thor remarked with the upmost confidence. “But, I’m not exactly the person who needs your assistance.”

The other, slightly shorter, man stepped forward with a slight tremble. He was only slightly taller than the Sorcerer Supreme himself, with slicked back jet black hair that just reached his shoulders. The armour that he and Thor both seemed to be wearing was individual to both of them. Thor’s contained varying shades of silvers and greys, followed by a bright red cape. His friend’s outfit was mainly black and forest green, but embellished with gold.

“I’m Loki Laufeyson, King of Jotunheim, Prince of Asgard. I need your help.”

# Regrets and Reviews

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

A week after the God of Mischief turned up on Stephen Strange's doorstep, his life had turned to chaos.

"Stephen Vincent Strange, where in the nine realms are my black jeans?"

"Jesus Christ, Loki, for the seventh time, I don't know!"

After a long ten minutes of arguing, Loki finally came downstairs in a black and green checked shirt tucked into black jeans followed by 6 inch black leather boots and at least a dozen black rings.

"Are you sure those are appropriate shoes for sorcery?"

Loki rolled his eyes and walked over to Stephen, "You're just jealous that you can't pull off the look, Strange." He paraded out to the courtyard and swiftly got started on his training for the day.

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"Your hand is too far left, that's why the spell's not working." Stephen gently grabbed Loki's hand and adjusted it to the right position. He caught eye-contact with the God before Loki cracked the spell. Orange sparks flew around the courtyard, and the two sorcerers exchanged excited grins before heading back inside to the library.

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"You're picking this up really quickly." Stephen was desperately trying to patch together some conversation. Since Loki got here a week ago, the only conversations they'd had were sorcery related, and it was beginning to bore him.

"I do have some talents, as much as it may surprise you, Stephen." As intelligent as the God of Mischief may be, Loki was perpetually blunt. He couldn't pick up a hint to save his life.

"How will this magic actually help you if you come up against Thanos? It'll protect your magic from being drained but won't protect you."

Loki looked exasperated, "If I have any chance of surviving through this, I need all the power I can get. Just don't ask me questions. I know what I need to do."

Stephen, now slightly deflated, sat down with a book on dream magic, something he'd been meaning to research for a while. Then Loki was the one to ask questions.

"What was it like growing up on Midgard?"

Stephen head tilted at Loki's question, almost forgetting that he grew up on a different planet.

"It was difficult. Earth has always been discriminatory. You have to fit in to certain boxes to be accepted in society. If even one part of you dares to venture anywhere else, most people will try not to recognise that you exist. When I was growing up, I was never interested in soccer or football. I was always more happy sat in a library." Stephen took a deep breath before continuing. "Growing

up in the 80s and 90s, it wasn't easy to express yourself in the ways you wanted to. Men had to be masculine and women had to be feminine. Everything was heteronormative and gay representation didn't exist. Which is why I repressed those sorts of emotions. I only started to become open about them in this day and age. Yeah, that's how it was."

For once, it was a companionable silence that filled the room. That was, until Stephen felt the need to return the question.

"What was it like growing up on Asgard?"

Loki took a sharp intake of breath as the words flowed from Stephen's mouth.

"Growing up on Asgard... was a lot worse than people expect it to be. They think that, because it's a magical world, nothing could possibly go wrong, but oh how wrong they are. As a planet, Asgard is incredibly accepting, so when I felt the need to come out as gender-fluid and bisexual, I did. But, the one person who would never accept you was the man at the middle of all of it. Odin. He was a vile creature who didn't deserve the legacy he received. He refused to believe that he had 1 pansexual son, 1 bisexual genderfluid child and one asexual daughter. We were all forced to act in ways that we truly preferred not to and it wrecked our childhoods. Then things got worse. Arguments became genuine fights and then... the incident happened."

Stephen was nervous to ask but still felt the need. "What was the incident? I hope you don't think I'm intruding--"

"No, it's perfectly fine. The incident happened around 20 years ago, just after Mother died. I was heartbroken. She was the only person in the entire realm who was happy to see me. Like it is happening currently, I practically lost all control of myself. My emotions overtook me and I destroyed half the palace in anger. It nearly killed Thor and Hela but they managed to escape. Hela was disgusted to see me and banned me from Asgard unless the case of an emergency overturned. Thor had a gargantuan argument with father on the same day and ended up starting a life down on earth, therefore meeting Bruce. Hela was the only one who stayed." To Stephen's surprise, Loki began to break down into tears. In-between sniffles and tears, Loki managed to form a sentence "I've never spoken with anyone about it. Thank you for listening."

Stephen shuffled over towards the God of Mischief and brought him into a hug "I'm glad I could be of help."

Loki looked up with a crestfallen look across his face and bloodshot eyes. Stephen couldn't help but note how beautiful Loki looked in this light. He was trusting Stephen in such a delicate and vulnerable state and the younger sorcerer didn't want to take advantage of him. Clearly, it wasn't him that made the final call.

Loki swooped his face up towards Stephen's and pressed their lips together in a elegant but longing kiss.

When they finally separated themselves, they placed their foreheads against each other's and tried to process what just happened.

"Ahem." The two turned their heads to see Thor leaning casually against the doorframe. "Sorry to interrupt such an intimate moment, but I fear we may have a much larger problem."

thank you for all the support on the last part, hope you enjoy this!

# Destruction

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

A creature had escaped from a different universe not half an hour ago. Thor, Strange and Loki had been there to fight it but Thor was injured in the process. Mid-fight, Loki collapsed due to overuse of Seidr, and when Stephen went to cover him, Thor's back was exposed and he was cut all down his back, the wound dripping with poisonous acid.

Loki awoke at just an early enough time to see his older brother's knees buckling and him collapsing to the floor as Strange defeated the monster in the background. He scrambled over desperately towards the God of Thunder, only to see the life draining from his eyes and the lightning spilling out of his veins.

"Thor?"

Loki's timid voice broke the deathly silence in the room. It echoed gently from wall to wall until the silence returned.

The God of Thunder is dead.

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The blood-curdling scream that followed this was like nothing you could imagine. The rawness of Loki's voice was chilling and broke Stephen's heart to hear. The God of Mischief, crumpled on the floor, clutching his dead brother's body and begging it to all be a trick. Something his mind fooled him with. Loki sobbed into Thor's cold shoulder for hours, gripping his armour and murmuring these words to himself.

"It's all a dream. It's all a dream. It's all a dream."

"Loki, it's not a dream."

He looked up at Stephen, the man who he trusted. The man who had mentored him. The man that he thought he could one day love. The man who let his brother get killed. He looked up, his eyes bloodshot and deathly cold, practically spitting the words at the sorcerer.

"You let him get killed. My brother is dead. Because of you."

"I did it to save you--"

"I don't need any excuses, Strange. You got my brother killed and you know it. You are a failure."

He finally looked down at Thor's body. Cold and contorted. His wound still oozing crimson blood across the floor. The tension still building between the other sorcerer in the room.

"I thought I could trust you. How am I meant to go home and tell my sister that Thor is dead?"

"How do I tell Bruce and all of his friends that Thor is dead?"

"How do I get over the fact that my brother is dead because of the man I love?"

Stephen rose his gaze back to Loki as he delivered the last three words. He couldn't bring himself

to say anything. He couldn't make any excuses. It was his fault. Thor was dead and it was his fault.

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The palace seemed gloomier as the young God of Mischief approached his sister, lounged across her throne.

“Back so soon?” She said, jokingly.

“Thor is dead.” Loki's voice was barely loud enough to be heard but she heard it alright.

“Thor... Thor is.... Thor is dead? H-how?”

“A foolish mistake on the account of a certain Midgardian sorcerer.”

The silence was somber yet peaceful. They knew their lives would never be the same. And they knew that Stephen Strange would never sleep soundly again.

## Chapter End Notes

so this is kinda short but maybe i thought it was longer because i spent most of the time crying. huh. this is a sad ass chapter. enjoy!



# No Hesitation

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Claw. Scratch. Blood. Acid. Death. Screams. Tears. Shout. Disappear.

The recurring elements of Stephen Strange's nightmares. As the Sorcerer Supreme, you'd expect trauma to be something to come with the job. But this wasn't trauma. This was guilt. Trauma was being killed millions of times by Dormammu. Guilt was watching Thor get knocked down and killed by your mistake. And living with it.

He woke up with sweat gushing down his forehead and splayed out across the bed. Glancing over at the alarm clock on his bed, he saw it was 4 am, but this time there was no point going back to sleep.

The mirror somehow ended up in front of him and he didn't recognise the man reflecting back. Large dark circles encased his grey eyes, deepening his face and losing its sharpness. His once trimmed facial hair now grew rough and uneven, his hair unkempt and shaggy.

Thor's death derailed him. The one person who he relied on and trusted, Loki, despised him more than you could imagine. The image formed in his mind. Loki's tear-stricken yet cold eyes staring into his soul and shredding it like paper. The pain inflicted behind those eyes, the eyes of a man who'd been hurt before. Disappointed yet expected. They haunted him everyday. They had for the last 3 months.

The pain was too much. It all had to end. He had to-

All thoughts came to a halt when he heard footsteps in the hallway. A woman, who looked surprisingly similar to Loki, stood before him.

"Stephen Strange?"

He absentmindedly nodded.

"You need to come with me. For Loki."

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The God of Mischief lay upon the table, porcelain skin seeming paler in the light, a green substance flowing from his hands and dissolving as it touched the air.

"I know who you are."

Hela was just as blunt as her youngest brother- Hela was just as blunt as her brother.

"You got my brother killed. And you would not be welcome on this planet if it were not for the circumstances Loki is in currently."

"What's happening to him?"

"It's finally happening. Thanos has grasped Loki's seidr and is removing it from his essence and soul. We have to find Thanos and defeat him. But, before anything happens, you need to clean yourself up. Thor wouldn't want you to do this. He always wanted the best for others and he died

saving his brother. Loki wouldn't want the man he loved derailing himself. And as the only other Odinson who hasn't given advice, I'd say that half of a battle is looking the part. Which you don't. Tidy up and then we'll talk tactics."

---

"You look better."

"Thanks."

After only knowing each other for a few hours their relationship was rather stilted, yet Hela knew that he was the person to come to.

"I'm sorry--"

"Don't be."

She took a deep breath before saying anything else.

"So, how do we defeat Thanos?"

Stephen's mind has been calculating through this plan for the last 4 months, if only he'd known that Thor and Loki wouldn't be there. He had to improvise.

"I assume that, being the Goddess of Death, you can summon an army of the dead, which will distract him. I can do the same by creating direct copies of myself and surrounding him with them. Then attack from different directions. I can use a concealment spell so he can't plan how to block me. You surround him with spikes while attacking him in any way you can. We can do this, right?"

"Right. But I don't think we've got anymore time to plan. Look at the bifrost."

Practically strutting down the bifrost was Thanos himself. The shrivelled grape leaned against a barrier, as if he were just waiting for a fight. As if she could read his mind, Hela immediately responded;

"Then let's give him one that we won't forget."

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Light beamed into his eyes after what felt like a very refreshing sleep. Loki swung his legs round and sat on the side of the examining table. Suddenly he got a stabbing pain through his abdomen and doubled over on the floor in pain. He recognised the pain and knew what was happening. He was dying.

"Brother, you shouldn't be here."

"Thor!" He rushed towards his brother and gripped him in a tight hug.

"Loki, this is not your time. Trust me, I checked the schedule."

Loki chuckled. "Very funny, brother."

Thor sighed as his gaze lifted back to Loki. "As much as I love you, Loki, you can't stay here. Strange--"

"Strange is a heartless son of a bitch."

“Strange is out there with Hela trying to fight for your life. If he were heartless, I doubt he’d love you so much.”

They stood in silence until they locked eyes.

“You have to go. You can do it.”

They hugged before parting ways.

“Good luck Loki.”

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“The Sorcerer Supreme. The Goddess of Death.”

“The mother fucker who’s trying to kill my brother.”

Once Hela and Stephen locked eyes, the battle began. As planned, Stephen created clones and Hela summoned an army, but Thanos had an army of his own.

The chitauri, Loki had called them, ran toward them, avoiding Strange’s clone army and Hela’s undead warriors.

Hela impaled at least a third of them with spikes, but that left Strange to fend for himself. He summoned shards of magic the size of swords and took the chitauri off one by one.

As he stabbed through the heart of one, another began to rip it’s claws into his back, bringing a burning sensation through him. He crumpled in pain and thought that it was the end for him.

“Thanos.”

Loki, The God of Mischief, stood in front of him, looking ready for a fight.

“H-how are you here?” Thanos breathily asked.

“Oh, I don’t know. Maybe it’s a little thing called dedication. Now, time to fight?”

Hela and Strange stepped back as they watched Loki destroy Thanos in a fight.

He had somehow combined the two kinds of magic that he’d learnt, stabbing him with an orange-glowing glass shard and shooting magic at him with the other hand.

Thanos used his double-sided blade to deflect Loki’s glass attacks but had nothing to block his spells. One last spell penetrated his mind and he collapsed, crumpling into a heap with blood oozing from his skull.

Loki shortly collapsed of exhaustion, leaning up against a barrier to catch his breath.

“That was incredible.” Strange was stunned at the Sorcerer’s power and felt the need to state it.

“I know I am.”

“Cocky bastard-“ Strange couldn’t finish his sentence because Loki brought his lips into a deep, passionate kiss.

“Ahem.” Hela was still standing there, unsure of where to look.

“Whilst you two continue to try and get into each other’s pants, I have a kingdom to run.”

“Thank you, Hela.”

“Don’t thank me. Thank your lover boy over here. He came up with the best strategy.”

Loki grinned at Stephen as their lips met again, more gently this time.

“I’m sorry for walking out on you.”

“You had every right to.”

“Well, I spoke to Thor and he told me everything I needed to know.”

They began to walk towards the palace together, hand in hand.

“Sorry, Thor?”

“Yes, it’s a complicated story.”

And that was the end of their problem. Stephen and Loki were happy and Hela had her brother back.

For now.

## Chapter End Notes

yay this is slightly longer than usual and i’m really happy with this one, i hope you enjoy it!

# Broken

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Six months since Loki had obliterated Thanos.

Loki and Stephen had moved in together at the sanctum shortly after the defeat of Thanos, but the God of Mischief had seemed off. Stephen decided to leave it, as he still had to regain his power, but never did. It took six months, but Stephen finally mentioned it to him.

“Lokes, are you alright?” He tried to ask subtly, as to not arouse any suspicion.

“Of course.” Stupid Loki. Being direct. Answering his question.

“You’ve just seemed... off... since Thanos.” As being indirect wasn’t working, he had to be more straightforward

“I figured this conversation would come eventually. I’m sorry Stephen.” This only confused Stephen more. Loki was even better at being indirect than he was.

“W-when I fought Thanos, he stabbed me with a cursed dagger. It made sure that he’d still drain my magic even if he died.”

They stood there in silence. Stephen was infuriated and Loki was just disappointed.

“W-why didn’t you tell me?”

Loki looked away before he started talking again. “I didn’t want to get you involved.”

“I could’ve helped you! Now I’m just going to lose another person!”

“I didn’t want your help because the last time you protected my brother died!”

Stood in shock, a single tear rolled down Loki’s cheek.

“I hoped I could break the enchantment but that just further drained my seidr. There was no point.”

Stephen found himself tearing up at Loki’s last words.

“There is always point in trying to save the people you love, even if it gets you nowhere. I could’ve helped you, Loki. How long do you have left?”

“It doesn’t matter-“

“How long?”

“Less than a week.”

“So you just expected to die and disappear from people’s memories? If you went missing I would’ve searched the corners of the galaxy to find you!”

“Don’t bother. There’s no point-“

“How do you give up this easily, Loki? How can you let go that simply?”

“Because I’ve left the mortal world before. No one bothered to try and find me. No one missed me. And I assumed no one would miss me this time. I love y-“

Loki collapsed a blast of green seidr surging out of him, leaving Loki crumpled on the floor.

“No, not yet. Not yet! LOKI!”

Loki’s glassy eyes drifted up to meet Stephen’s bright, tearful ones. “I-I’m sorry. I love you St-Stephen. So much.”

Loki’s body became colder by the second. Stephen clutched it to him. Weeping silently into the night. After everything he’d done. Everything he’d tried. Everything he’d sacrificed. He still couldn’t save the man he loved. He couldn’t repair him. And now he was the broken one.

## Chapter End Notes

so i know this was a kind of short fanfic but it was my first one and i just wanted to see what sort of response i’d get from it! anyway, i hope you enjoyed and i hope you stick around if i post any future fanfics!

## End Notes

Hi! This is my first fanfic so please give me some feedback on what you like or what I could improve. I have a fan account on instagram, so if you like this, go and follow me there @r.i.p.scottstacos

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!